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RAMAH DROOG:

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN,

By JAMES COBB, Esq.

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1800.

[Price Two Shillings.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Rajah	-	-	-	Mr. EMERY.
Captain Sidney	-	-	-	Mr. INCLEDON.
Liffey	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Govinda	-	-	-	Mr. HILL.
Chellingoe	-	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Zemaun	-	-	-	Mr. H. JOHNSTONE.
Indian Guards	-	-	-	Mess. THOMPSON, &c.
Attendants	-	-	-	Messrs. KLANERT, ABBOT, &c.
1st Prisoner	-	-	-	Mr. CLAREMONT.
2d Prisoner	-	-	-	Mr. WILDE.
3d Prisoner	-	-	-	Mr. GRAY.
Eliza	-	-	-	Miss WHEATLEY.
Alminah	-	-	-	Mrs. CHAPMAN.
Zelma	-	-	-	Miss WATERS.
Margaret	-	-	-	Mrs. MILLS.
Agra	-	-	-	Miss SIMMS.
Orfana	-	-	-	Mrs. ILIFF.
Women of the Zenana	-	-	-	Messd. WALCUP, &c. &c.

RAMAH DROOG.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Court-yard adjoining to the RAJAH's Palace, into which there are several entrances from a Prison: On one side is a Tower forming a part of the Prison: In the Tower is a window, and also a door which communicates with the Court-yard.*

Several Indian Guards and British Soldiers (prisoners) come on and sing a

CHORUS.

INDIANS.

Now loudly raise victorious strains,
Fallen the vanquish'd foe remains,
Never to break his galling chains.

BRITONS.

Tho' from each hope, each comfort torn,
Britons, the sons of freedom born,
Ever your taunts, your threats shall scorn.

Enter CHELLINGOE.

CHELLINGOE.

WHAT a set of discontented rogues ye are!
What is it you want? Have you not had
the honor of being taken captive by the most valiant
troops in all India; the soldiers of the great prince,
the

the Mahah Rajah Surooj Seing? Have you not the further honor of being imprisoned within the very walls of his Highness's palace, in the famed fortress of Ramah Droog? Have you not a sumptuous allowance of rice and water once in four-and-twenty hours? Are you not allowed half an hour every day to leave your dungeon, and take the fresh air? What wou'd ye have?

1st PRISONER.

Is our worthy commander well treated,—the gallant Captain Sidney?

CHELLINGOE.

Well treated! How dare ye ask the question? Is he not my prisoner? Do ye doubt my humanity? I'll have ye rack'd, flead alive, and dipp'd in boiling oil, if ye dare doubt my humanity.

2d PRISONER.

At least, good worthy Chellingoe, grant us one boon.

CHELLINGOE.

Ay; that is ever the cry. Grant us this favor, and grant us that. And what acknowledgment do you make for my kindness? (*To the INDIAN GUARDS.*) You may retire. (*To the PRISONERS.*) I know some of you have watches, and rings, and snuff boxes, and silver sleeve buttons.

1st PRISONER.

Indeed, good Chellingoe, we have already given them all up to you.

CHELLINGOE.

'Tis false—You conceal your riches, ungrateful wretches as ye are, after my kindness to you. You would

would all have been strangled yesterday, if I had not suspected you had concealed wealth about you.

1st PRISONER.

We acknowledge your goodness in getting us a respite.

CHELLINGOE.

Oh, ye do, do ye?—Yes; I interested the clemency of his highness the Rajah—He has graciously permitted you to live, to make a full disclosure of your property. But what will all your wealth avail ye to-morrow, when you go to execution? Why not commit it to the care of me, your best friend? Go, go—I am ashamed of your avarice.

2d PRISONER.

Grant us but this favor—let us have one last look of our valiant commander, our brother, our friend, and—

CHELLINGOE.

And what—What have you to grant in return?

2d PRISONER.

Here is a silver-hafted knife, the gift of my poor father.

CHELLINGOE.

O heavens! a silver-hafted knife!—A dangerous weapon for a prisoner. Fie! fie! I wonder that was not taken from you before.

1st PRISONER.

Here is a lucky sixpence which my poor Kate gave me as a keep sake, when we parted; and I promised, should I ever return—

CHELLINGOE.

But you know you never will return, and so can't keep your promise. Give it to me.

2d PRISONER.

Here are a gold mohur, two pagodas, and some rupees, which I found in my cell, among the straw.

CHELLINGOE.

A good fellow! a good fellow! Go look among the straw again—I dare say you'll find more. (*Aside.*) A tolerable morning's work. (*To them.*) Come, I like to see these generous sentiments revive in ye: and as your reward, you shall see your commander presently.—(*Makes a sign to the GUARDS at a distance, then unlocks one of the prison doors, from whence enter SIDNEY, who comes forward.*)

SONG.—SIDNEY.

Oft wealth or ambition will tempt us to dare
All the toils, all the perils that mortals can bear,
But the sigh of remembrance wherever we roam
Will fancy waft back to our dear native home.

Tho' rude be the clime, and tho' humble the cot,
The early idea is never forgot;
And the sigh, &c.

CHELLINGOE.

This is the hour when the Princess Alminah usually walks this way.

(*SIDNEY goes back into his prison.*)

(*Locks the door.*) She has had interviews with my prisoner, the young English officer, and is certainly in love with him. If so, I must shew him favour.

Now, how to turn this to my own advantage. (*To an ATTENDANT.*) Send hither that female prisoner, in male attire, whom they call Margaret,—that virago, who is confined apart from the rest. She may give me the information I want.

MARGARET (*without*).

Where is Chellingoe? Shew the way, firrah!
Ordinary time—march!

Enter MARGARET dressed as a Soldier, preceded by a SLAVE.

CHELLINGOE.

There is no taming that vixen.

MARGARET (*to the SLAVE*).

To the left—Countermarch—quick! march!

[*Exit SLAVE.*]

CHELLINGOE.

I'll have no riots here.

MARGARET.

Attention! Hark ye, Sir! What do you mean by keeping me in close captivity after I have demanded my parole? Am not I a prisoner of war? Was I not honorably fighting the battles of my country? How dare you treat a female British volunteer in this manner, taken fighting by the side of her husband?

CHELLINGOE.

And is there really any poor fellow in existence so unfortunate as to be your husband?

MARGARET.

Sir, I have the honor to be a serjeant's lady—Nay, more, he is a serjeant of grenadiers, and an Irishman—Need I add, that he is a man of courage?

CHELLINGOE.

No you need not—his courage cannot be doubted if he has been bold enough to venture on you.

MARGARET.

I followed the example of my dear mistress, the wife of your prisoner, Captain Sidney. In contempt of every danger she accompanied him on this expedition. For convenience we assumed male attire. My mistress, indeed, chose to be habited like an Indian servant; but for my part I always had a partiality for wearing the breeches.

CHELLINGOE.

Retire—the Princess is here.

(CHELLINGOE and MARGARET retire severally, at a sign made to CHELLINGOE by ORSANA, who enters with ALMINAH.)

ALMINAH.

Orsana, are we observed?

ORSANA.

No madam—Chellingoe understands how to take a hint. There is Sidney's window.

ALMINAH.

How provoking that he does not appear!

ORSANA.

Madam, here is Chellingoe who guards the captives.

ALMINAH.

ALMINAH.

Bid him approach.—(CHELLINGOE *comes forward from a cell.*)

The English captives are still in your care?

CHELLINGOE.

Yes, madam.

ALMINAH.

I hope you treat the brave men with humanity?

CHELLINGOE.

With the utmost tenderness.

ALMINAH.

The honor of our nation requires that we shou'd respect the virtues of an enemy.

CHELLINGOE.

Very true, madam; so I have said.

ALMINAH.

Especially when unfortunate—poor wretches, how I pity them! At a distance from their native country—separated from all they hold dear in friendship, in love.

CHELLINGOE.

Alas, madam! these considerations have but too painfully touch'd my heart.

ALMINAH.

I hope so; for remember, your life must answer for their ill treatment. Mark me, Chellingoe!—if any one should die while in your keeping, a most strict account of the cause will be required.

CHELLINGOE.

I live but to obey your illustrious family.

ORSANA.

Her Highness is curious to converse with their commander.

CHELLINGOE.

I will prepare him for the honor.

ALMINAH.

I will still conceal my rank from this captive, that awe may not restrain him from gratifying my inquiries: let him attend me on the terrace.

[*Exit CHELLINGOE into a cell.*
How my heart beats! Govinda, your friendship must assist me in this interview.

GOVINDA.

Illustrious princess!

ALMINAH.

Oh Govinda! this illustrious princess, as you call her, the favorite daughter of a powerful monarch; surrounded by her guards, in a palace where her word is fate—this mighty princess is in love; and no more than a poor, timid woman, trembling with apprehension at an interview with a captive stranger.

[*Exit ALMINAH and ORSANA.*

GOVINDA (*alone*),

Yes, Alminah! I will fulfil your commands at the risk of my life. You have claims on my gratitude which must be obeyed,

SONG.

SONG.—GOVINDA.

How lost the mind, which cold and dark,
From Gratitude's celestial fire
In vain receives the hallowed spark,
Falling, alas! but to expire!
Oft be my fervent vows renew'd
At the shrine of Gratitude!

Honor abhors the darksome cell
Unblest'd by Gratitude's bright flame;
There pale distrust and treachery dwell,
There fraud asserts her wily claim
Oft be my fervent vows renew'd
At the shrine of Gratitude. [Exit.

Enter CHELLINGOE and SIDNEY from the cell.

CHELLINGOE.

You are permitted to walk on this terrace—I
have no orders to this effect; but the indulgence
is mine; entirely my grace and favour, and I hope
you will be grateful.

SIDNEY.

Behold the angels of pity, who have so kindly
fought to soothe my grief.

Enter ALMINAH and ORSANA.

GOVINDA (*coming forward*).

Gallant stranger! the hour approaches when
your chains shall be removed.

SIDNEY.

Astonishment! my chains removed! by whom?

ALMINAH.

ALMINAH.

By me:—oft have I listened to the melancholy sounds which gave vent to your sorrows, till my heart vibrated in unison (*raising her veil*).

SIDNEY.

Charming creature! But how is it possible——

ALMINAH.

Be content to know the extent of my power, without questioning the means: enquire no further. At midnight Govinda shall come to you in your prison—he can remove every obstacle to your release—follow him in silence—he will conduct you to me, and we will fly together.

QUARTETTE.—ALMINAH, ORSANA, GOVINDA,
and SIDNEY.

SIDNEY.

Grateful, thus humbly bending,
My thanks deign to receive,

ALMINAH.

Me, in return defending,
My freedom you achieve.

ORSANA.

Then, at the silent midnight hour,
When the tiger prowls for prey,

GOVINDA.

Fearless of all but slavery's power,
The moon shall light us on our way.

[*Exeunt* ALMINAH, ORSANA, and GOVINDA.

(SIDNEY

(SIDNEY re-enters his prison, CHELLINGOE locks the door after him, and comes forward.)

CHELLINGOE.

This flirtation of the princess may be turned to good account. 'Tis fortunate to be in office when our superiors fall in love—a wise man may always profit by it.

(To MARGARET who comes forward.)

Why don't you retire? Go back to your prison.

MARGARET.

Be calm—be contented—I will not go back to my prison till I think proper.

CHELLINGOE.

What! am I to be braved thus? Retire instantly, or——

MARGARET.

You had better not—I may possibly be hurt in the scuffle, perhaps mortally hurt—and if I shou'd die——

CHELLINGOE.

Well?

MARGARET.

Why then you know, as the Princess told you, your life must answer for it.

CHELLINGOE.

How unfortunate that she should overhear the conversation.

MARGARET.

Don't provoke me, or I will certainly attempt something dangerous.—How do you know that a mine is not now ready to spring under you?

CHELLINGOE.

Will you please to retire?

MARGARET.

For aught you know you may have taken poison at your last meal.

CHELLINGOE.

I wish she was out of the prison with all my soul.

MARGARET.

Or should that fail, I might poison myself and swear you did it.

CHELLINGOE.

(*Aside*) I shall not think myself safe till this vixen is disposed of. A thought strikes me—(to her) I tell you what—you are a brave wench, and ought not to remain in confinement.

MARGARET.

I agree with you for the first time.

CHELLINGOE.

Have you a mind to escape?

MARGARET.

You wish to get rid of me?

CHELLINGOE.

I should have no objection.

MARGARET.

And suppose I should be inclined to indulge you so far, what do you offer me?

CHELLINGOE.

Why, I offer you your freedom. What more would you have?

MAR-

MARGARET.

I would have the rupees you stole—my property.

CHELLINGOE.

How unconscionable! When I give you liberty.

MARGARET.

True; but liberty and property should not be separated;—so, if you refuse (*talking loud*)—

CHELLINGOE.

Hush! the Princess may overhear us.

MARGARET.

I mean it. I will proclaim your villanies and demand justice.

CHELLINGOE.

Don't talk so loud. You shall escape on your own terms, if you will but go quietly. Zemaun!

Enter ZEMAUN.

I commit this prisoner to your care. (*Whispers ZEMAUN.*)

MARGARET.

(*Aside*) That Zemaun is a proud ferocious fellow, the terror of all the prisoners, and famed for his implacable hatred to Europeans. Yet surely Chellingoe dares not play me a trick.

CHELLINGOE.

(*Aside to ZEMAUN.*) If destroyed beyond the bounds of the prison, you know it is no fault of mine.—(*To MARGARET*) Adieu, my friend! Zemaun will take care of you. Early in the morning follow him in silence.

MAR-

MARGARET.

(To ZEMAUN.) Lead on—I'll follow you.

[Exit ZEMAUN.
But, first, my friend Chellingoe, I must have my money.

DUET.—CHELLINGOE and MARGARET.

MARGARET.

What! do you think I'll be robb'd of my money?

CHELLINGOE.

Your liberty—

MARGARET.

Without my cash I value not a rush.

CHELLINGOE.

Trust to my honor.

MARGARET.

In vain you give your honey.

I'll tell aloud your villany!—

CHELLINGOE.

Hush! Hush! Hush!

CHELLINGOE.

Here, take your money, and now let's say, good b'ye.

MARGARET.

Not yet awhile, my purse is low, and yours in cash is flush!
Now, as they say, all have their price;

CHELLINGOE.

Faith! your's is much too high!
And I'll not bribe a vile informer—

MARGARET.

Hush! Hush! Hush!

CHEL-

CHELLINGOE,

Zounds! I'll give no more, and so your course pursue,

MARGARET.

Shake hands—a quarrel now your hopes as well as mine
would crush.

CHELLINGOE.

To prison you would go again!

MARGARET.

And what becomes of you?

CHELLINGOE (*aside*).

The devil take ye!

MARGARET.

What do you say?

CHELLINGOE.

Hush! Hush! Hush!

MARGARET (*aside*).

The devil take ye!

CHELLINGOE.

What do you say?

MARGARET.

Hush! Hush! Hush!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Plain, with a distant View of the
RAJAH's Hill-Fort.*

Enter LIFFEY from a Wood.

LIFFEY.

Oh Liffey! Barney Liffey! What an unhappy ferjeant of grenadiers art thou? An Irishman by birth, and a soldier by choice! I, who never turned my back upon an enemy—no, nor a friend, whether man or woman—that it shou'd be my fate to play at bo-peep in a thicket, like a hunted tyger! But how can I help it? With such a charge committed to my care, such an innocent sweet creature, whom I have pledged my honor to protect—And then, to leave my wife, my dear Margaret behind me—there is another misfortune! for though we constantly quarrel when we meet, I always find a violent affection for her when she is absent. Indeed I think we agree best at a distance. The moment the parson made us one we became two, and, indeed, we have not been much together since we were united.

ELIZA (*without*).

Liffey! Where are you?

LIFFEY.

Here, my good Lady. This way, Madam, you may venture to peep out of your hiding-place.

Enter

Enter ELIZA (in male attire).

ELIZA.

After passing two tedious days in that gloomy forest, how delightful is the open air! This change of prospect—Oh, Liffey! can that be the prison of my husband?

LIFFEY.

It is; that is Ramah Droog Fortress; that is my master Captain Sidney's prison. Oh! I shall never forget this valley. Here our detachment was surrounded—here some brave fellows fell, and all the rest were taken prisoners—except myself—No, no—I was not amongst the slain; nor was I taken prisoner. Oh! I shall never forget how the black rascals came pouring down upon us on every side, when my master turned to me suddenly: “Liffey,” said he, “all is lost—Make your escape as fast as possible—Run away with my wife, I entreat you.” And then you know, ma'am—

ELIZA.

I know not what passed! At the sight of my Sidney's danger, my boasted courage forsook me.

LIFFEY.

“Run away, Sir!” cried I. “Alas! poor Liffey never disobeyed your orders before; but it is impossible to run away—Upon my soul, I can't turn my back upon an enemy—I can't muster up courage to do it.”

ELIZA.

But you could not disobey your master—?

C

LIFFEY.

LIFFEY.

That is my only consolation for behaving like a coward. "Leave me, my good fellow, if you have any friendship for me," said he. By my honor, thought I, that seems to be an odd way of shewing friendship, (though not unusual,) to desert a friend when he stands most in need of assistance.

ELIZA.

Who are those men armed with spears and javelins?

LIFFEY.

Tiger hunters, madam, beating among the jungle in search of the game—A thought strikes me; and yet—

ELIZA.

Your fidelity entitles you to my attention. What would you propose?

LIFFEY.

Why, look ye, madam! We are two hundred miles from the British settlement; and our whole stock of provisions is one poor little solitary potatoe, in the corner of my knapsack.

ELIZA.

Good heavens! Liffey, did you not tell me that you had rice enough for a week?

LIFFEY.

So I thought till I looked into the bag just now; and i'faith, I find, instead of a bag of rice, I had in my hurry carried off a full suit of clothes belonging to old Sampan, our commissary's clerk.

ELIZA.

Well, proceed.

LIFFEY.

That is what I cannot do. I cannot proceed, and therefore I think the wisest way is to stay where we are, and yield ourselves prisoners to these tiger hunters.

ELIZA.

If you are known to be a soldier, you will be either imprisoned or obliged to enlist in their service. What is to be done? Can you pass for a musician?

LIFFEY.

Madam!—to be sure I can sing a little; but I could never turn a tune in my life, even on the jew's harp.

ELIZA.

Is there no situation in which you could be useful to an Indian Prince?

LIFFEY.

Why, yes; I think I could take care of his wives; but I'm afraid they won't trust me to do that.

ELIZA.

I have heard that the character most respected throughout the East, is that of an European physician.

LIFFEY.

And would you have me pretend to be a doctor?

ELIZA.

We can think of no better scheme; and I shall be secure in passing for your servant. You may easily conceal your ignorance. I dare say they never had an European physician among them.

LIFFEY.

Most likely not; for they seem to be a hale, hearty set of people.

ELIZA.

But then these regimentals—

LIFFEY.

Suppose, madam, I change them for old Sampan's suit of clothes?

ELIZA.

A lucky thought!

LIFFEY.

And by my soul I shall then be a curiosity worth your seeing. [Exit.]

ELIZA.

Yes, my beloved Sidney! I shall once more re-join thee, and share thy fate—perhaps effect thy rescue.

SONG.—ELIZA.

With trembling steps and sinking heart
I urge my weary way;
At every whispering breeze I start,
All terror and dismay.
Still Hope, with magic mirror tries
My sinking heart to cheer,
And points where smiling prospects rise
Of many a circling year.

Or when the sandy desert bright
 Reflects the burning noon,
 Or when the chilling damps of night
 Arise and dim the moon.
 Still Hope, &c.

Re-enter LIFFEY, dressed in the clothes he has mentioned.

LIFFEY.

Here I am, madam!—What d'ye think of me?
[A bugle horn sounds.]

ELIZA.

Hark! the hunters approach. Now remember,
 I am to pass for your servant.

LIFFEY.

Then, in token of servitude, carry the knapsack
 —you'll not find it very heavy. There is nothing
 in it but the poor little potatoe that has travelled
 with us so far.

ELIZA.

Now be very careful how you answer their ques-
 tions. They are here. Why do you loiter thus,
 Liffey?

LIFFEY.

I was only admiring myself, madam. How lucky
 it is that I blundered upon this suit of clothes!—
 I could not have made a more fortunate mistake,
 had it even been on purpose. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*A View in the Fort, the same as the first Scene.*

Enter CHELLINGOE.

CHELLINGOE.

His Highness the great Rajah taken ill, suddenly ill—violently ill—and a suspicion of poison! His doctors disagree as usual; so between the malady and the medicine he'll give us the slip. What a blow to my hopes! what a check to my rising ambition! My former disgrace forgot—worming myself into favour further and further every day! and now to lose the fruits of my toils!

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.

Some more European prisoners are brought in. Will you please to examine them?

CHELLINGOE.

No.—I'm not in a humour to examine prisoners.—The Rajah will certainly die. What with the doctors and the disease, his constitution will be knock'd about like a shuttlecock between battledores, till the parties grow tired of the contention, and he falls to the ground.

ATTENDANT.

Will you please to have the Europeans closely confined in the dungeon, or in the castle?

CHELLINGOE.

Are they rich?

ATTENDANT.

I don't know—we have not examined them.

CHEL-

CHELLINGOE.

Right. Always leave that to me.

ATTENDANT.

One of them says he is a physician.

CHELLINGOE.

A physician, and from Europe! I'll send him to the Rajah.—Bring him in directly.

[Exit ATTENDANT.

If his Highness should be cured by a doctor of my recommendation, what a brilliant career of honors and dignities will open to me!—Then, if the European shou'd kill him!—But I'll make it his interest not to kill him. Aye, but if he should give too strong a dose by mistake. No matter; I dare say the doctor knows enough of his profession to keep that a secret from everybody.

(Re-enter ATTENDANT; and converses aside with CHELLINGOE.)

Enter LIFFEY and ELIZA, as prisoners.

ELIZA.

My husband yet living, and a prisoner in the tower! Oh! Liffey, my heart beats high with expectation.

LIFFEY.

Oh! madam, and my heart sinks low with disappointment. No intelligence to be gained of poor Margaret, whether living or dead. It wou'd be a comfort to be ascertained of the fact either way. But she is certainly no more: were she alive, her tongue wou'd proclaim the circumstance to the whole prison.

CHELLINGOE (*coming forward*).

This must be the doctor. Loosen his chains; never fetter the hands of genius,—You are luckily arrived and in good time.

LIFFEY.

I hope it will prove so, your Honor,

CHELLINGOE.

I am told you are a physician.

LIFFEY.

I am glad you are told so, for I am not fond of speaking of myself.

CHELLINGOE.

How did it happen that you came into the territories of the great Rajah?

LIFFEY.

I have always been partial to travelling—travelling for improvement. Hearing you had a battle in the neighbourhood, I came to offer my assistance.

CHELLINGOE.

Well and discreetly answered. May I ask if you are eminent in your profession?

LIFFEY.

You may ask it; but my modesty won't let me give you an answer.

CHELLINGOE.

You seem to enjoy strong health yourself; a hopeful object for a sick person to look on.

LIFFEY.

LIFFEY.

Enjoy my health—no wonder—I never tasted a drop of physic in my life.

CHELLINGOE.

Give me your hand—now I know you are a true doctor—they are never so selfish as to deprive their patients of medicines by taking it themselves.—(*To the Attendant*) Remember that all possible respect must be shewn to this learned man and his follower. May I crave your name?

LIFFEY.

My name is Liffey—Doctor O'Liffey.—(*Apart to ELIZA*) I shall tack the O to it now—it will give me more consequence.

CHELLINGOE.

Doctor O'Liffey, your fortune is made. I will patronize you—I have wonderful influence at the court of the illustrious Rajah. He is a great prince. Did you ever hear his titles?

LIFFEY.

No, your Honor—I shou'd like to remember them.

CHELLINGOE.

He is the mighty Monarch, the Mahah Rajah, Surooj Seing; that is, the son of the lion, brother to the sun and moon, and cousin to all the stars in the firmament.

LIFFEY.

Then what blessed weather you must have in this country, if he and his relations are on good terms together. I suppose a foggy day, or a dark night, is a sure sign of a quarrel in the family.

CHEL-

CHELLINGOE.

He is the immortal and all-powerful Rajah, who, when he has dined, gives leave to all the princes of the earth to go to dinner.

LIFFEY.

How gracious and condescending! If they are as hungry as I am, they must feel it to be a singular favor.

CHELLINGOE.

Now, as I told you, I am a favorite at court—I can introduce you to be one of the state physicians.

LIFFEY.

Is his Highness indisposed?

CHELLINGOE.

Yes; the immortal Rajah—

LIFFEY.

Is going to die, I suppose?

CHELLINGOE.

I hope not. But this all-powerful potentate—

LIFFEY.

Is in a very weak condition?

CHELLINGOE.

You shall attend his Highness, and judge of his malady by the symptoms.

ELIZA.

That is totally unnecessary, Sir. My master can prescribe just as well without seeing the patient. He has one sovereign remedy upon which he depends.

CHEL-

CHELLINGOE.

A nostrum. He is a desperate fellow—kill or cure, I perceive.

GOVINDA *enters, and speaks to* CHELLINGOE *apart.*

LIFFEY (*apart*).

I say, madam—Who the devil do you mean? What have I to prescribe?

ELIZA.

Anything will answer the purpose.

LIFFEY.

Will it?

ELIZA.

Yes; provided the remedy is not known here.

LIFFEY.

Then what say you to the little potatoe in my knapsack? 'Tis a sovereign remedy that saves the lives of thousands every day in my country.

ELIZA.

An excellent idea, Liffey!

CHELLINGOE (*coming forward*).

The princess Alminah is gone to offer her devotions at the mosque for the recovery of his Highness—she will return this way, and must not find us here. Let us be alert, and shew our zeal—Doctor, we have no time to lose.

LIFFEY.

I am with you—I'll prepare this famous medicine.

CHEL-

CHELLINGOE.

Employ your best skill, Doctor. Alla forbid that we should fail in the amiable duties of humanity! Come, Doctor. *[Exit.*

(As LIFFEY is about to follow, he is prevented by the Guards who bow very low to him.)

LIFFEY.

What do you mean, my friend? Are you going to take me in custody.

ATTENDANT.

It is our duty—I presume you know the terms upon which you undertake this cure?

LIFFEY.

Oh! don't talk about it. I am not mercenary—a few diamonds and a dozen bags of your pagodas, as you call them.

ATTENDANT.

If you succeed, you may name your reward; but I don't mean that.

LIFFEY.

No;—why then, what does your Honor mean?

ATTENDANT.

I mean—if you should fail.

LIFFEY.

Fail! ha! ha! ha! my dear, the thing is impossible.

ATTENDANT.

I am glad to see you so confident.

LIFFEY.

Oh! you'll never have reason to complain of my want of confidence. Besides, the worst come to the worst, I suppose it is, "No cure no pay."

ATTEND-

ATTENDANT.

No—that is not the worst; for if his Highness should unfortunately die under your care, his decease will be imputed to the medicine, and you will be trampled to death by elephants, agreeably to the custom in these cases.

LIFFEY.

Oh, miserable soul that I am!

ELIZA.

But see, my dear Sidney appears.

Enter GOVINDA and SIDNEY from the Prison.

GOVINDA.

Yes; your deliverer is the Princess Alminah.

SIDNEY.

Distraction! a fearful light breaks in upon me!

GOVINDA.

She will no longer conceal her rank from you; and I shall have the felicity of giving liberty to a brave foldier. *[Exit.]*

(LIFFEY goes to SIDNEY, makes himself known to him, then points to ELIZA.)

SIDNEY *(exclaims)*.

Oh, my Eliza! *(LIFFEY prevents him from discovering to the ATTENDANTS that he recognizes her).*

FINALE.

DUET—SIDNEY—ELIZA.

Oh! joy unexpected—fortune consenting,

Gives us the bliss to meet again.

Ah, fickle Deity! still more relenting!

When wilt thou break the captive's chain.

Enter

RAMAH DROOG.

Enter CHELLINGOE.

CHELLINGOE.

Come, Doctor, what can make you stay?
 Make haste, my friend; we must away.

LIFFEY.

Ah! why the devil did I hither roam,
 Where plagues and dangers are so many?
 Oh, Barney Liffey! had you staid at home,
 Content in little dear Kilkenny!

CHELLINGOE.

The state physicians all are met.
 Come, Doctor, surely you forget!

LIFFEY. { Your honor I'll not detain.
 CHELL. { We must not them detain.

CHELLINGOE.

For riches, for power you may hope.

LIFFEY.

And should I not perform a cure, my fee's a rope.

ELIZA *and* SIDNEY.

Fixt by valour's potent spell,
 Fortune shall its power own;
 Boldly venture, all will be well,
 Success is marr'd by fear alone.

LIFFEY.

My courage is lost in this curst flusteration;
 Wherever I turn me 'tis all botheration.

CHELLINGOE.

If fair words won't do,
 Then, other means I must pursue.

LIFFEY.

Stay but a minute! Ah! what shall I do?

ELIZA *and* SIDNEY.

Fixt by valor's, &c.

CHELLINGOE *and* LIFFEY.

Botheration! I'm ruin'd—I know it too well.

[*Exeunt* CHELLINGOE *and* LIFFEY.]*Enter*

*Enter ALMINAH and Attendants on a Terrace
within the Wall.*

CHORUS.

Hither from thy rosy bower,
Where zephyrs cull the sweets of spring,
Jocund health—thy matchless power
In comfort to a monarch bring.
Rifle the poppy's scarlet pride,
For spoils to deck thy balmy wing;
Or steal a breath from Ocean's tide,
And comfort to a monarch bring.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

SIDNEY.

Ah! see the Princess! bane to my sight!
Is then Alminah the partner of my flight?

ELIZA.

What means my love? this mystery explain.

(*Attendant enters*).

SIDNEY.

Alas, the pain!
That wounds my heart!

SIDNEY. { I dare not yet explain.

ELIZA. { In pity now explain?

Attendant.

This instant you must part.
No longer here remain.
Till morn you now must part!

TRIO.

SIDNEY, ELIZA, and *Attendant.*

Each throbbing heart a thousand doubts affrighting,
Nameless fears, all of fancy born:
The eventful hour, despair inviting;
We trembling wait the approach of morn.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Battlements near SIDNEY's Prison.*

Enter ZEMAUN armed with his Spear, followed by
MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Zemaun, what means this mysterious silence? Whither would you lead me? Surely we must have ascended very high on the rock; so high that the sounds from the plain below are almost lost ere they reach us. Speak, Zemaun! your eyes roll as if you revolved some fatal purpose. Speak, Zemaun! (*ZEMAUN raises his spear in a menacing attitude.*) Oh! I am lost! Chellingoe has deceived me. Yet, has he forgotten Alminah's commands? Does he not remember that a prisoner found dead within these walls——

ZEMAUN.

But if beyond these walls——You mark their height.

Hurl'd from the craggy steep, you'll seek a grave below.

MARGARET.

Alas! for pity!

ZEMAUN.

Thou see'st thy life is in my power—
Take it, and in return be grateful.

MARGARET.

Generous Zemaun! I shall ever remember my life is your gift; and I will hold it in trust for your service.

ZEMAUN.

You think I am the fierce Zemaun,
The barbarous slave of vile Chellingoe's cruelty;
But you shall know me better.

MARGARET.

Then you are not Chellingoe's slave?

ZEMAUN.

No: Heir to a distant throne, as high in dignity
As any that proud Hindostan can boast.

MARGARET.

A prince!

ZEMAUN.

Three years the climes of Asia had I travers'd,
To seek instruction from the varied volume,
Where princes still will find their first, best study—
The heart of man.

MARGARET.

There is a companion to that volume which, I
suppose, you did not forget—the heart of woman.

ZEMAUN.

Jester, you guess aright. Hither I wander'd,
Attracted by the charms which fame so lavish'd
Upon the princess Zelma.

MARGARET.

Zelma! I have heard the guards sing ditties in
her praise. She was the daughter of the late Rajah.
Alas! I know the fatal story—The unfortunate
monarch was destroyed, and not one of his family
survived to claim the throne.

D

ZEMAUN.

ZEMAUN.

Yes, one remains—The lovely Zelma.

MARGARET.

The princess living!

ZEMAUN.

Starting from sleep—awak'd by piercing cries,
 Scaring still night with horror and despair,
 I grasp'd my sword—I found the palace throng'd—
 Through the assassin troops I forc'd my way—
 Moment of terror! On my aching sight
 Flash'd the dread picture of my Zelma's doom.
 A haughty Moor, chief of the rebel host,
 High o'er her beauteous bosom aim'd the steel.

MARGARET.

Go on.

ZEMAUN.

Heaven nerv'd my arm—instant he fell before me.

MARGARET.

—And you saved her.

ZEMAUN.

Unknown, unheeded, through the busy throng
 I brought my lovely prize; in safety plac'd her;
 And still my watchful care preserves her life.

MARGARET.

Then Zelma lives in concealment.

ZEMAUN.

A female slave,
 Who fell a victim in that night of horrors,
 I caus'd to be entomb'd, attired like Zelma;
 And boasted that my dagger bore her blood.
 This won me credit in the usurper's favor;
 And, as my meed, I gain'd the post of guarding
 This prison, where my life, my soul resides.

AGRA

AGRA (*without*).

Zemaun!

MARGARET.

I hear a voice.

ZEMAUN.

It is Zelma's faithful servant.

AGRA (*coming forward*).

Zemaun!

ZEMAUN.

Approach! fear not, my gentle Agra. Until
the evening
This friendly stranger must remain thy guest.
[*Distant music is heard.*]

MARGARET.

What sounds are these?

ZEMAUN.

For sixteen years, the hallow'd grove beneath
Has on this eve, which gave my Zelma birth,
Resounded with her praise.

ZELMA comes forward.—MARGARET retires.

ZELMA.

My Zemaun, did'st thou listen to the strains
Of artless love? Did'st thou hear the voice of pity
Lament thy Zelma number'd with the dead?
Ah! would it were so!

ZEMAUN.

No, princefs ! brighter prospects court your view.
The strains of loyalty from yonder grove,
Inspir'd by heaven, are omens of fuccefs.

ZELMA.

They soothe my foul with their sweet, mournful
foud,
As evening breezes clofe a happy day,
Mingling regret with pleasure.

ZEMAUN.

The people, ever faithful, ever loyal,
In fecret mourn their monarch and their father.
Let but the moment come when we may fhew them
Zelma, that monarch's darling and their idol;
Then fhall the awful energy of virtue
Hurl the ufurper from his tottering throne. [*Exit.*

SONG.—ZELMA.

Happy were the days, from infancy advancing,
When by a parent's foftering power,
My youthful mind its energies enhancing,
Wak'd to new blifs, expanding every hour.
To the Eaft when the fun life and light was bringing,
Or when the Western world his rifing glories faw,
To the lute's dulcet foud was Zelma fing
The fong of joy, Dilkufha.

Thus the opening rofe bud the nightingale was wooing,
The cruel ftorm arofe, the bolt his bofom tore,
Ah, haplefs flower ! the fame fate are we rueing,
Thy guardian's loft, my father is no more!
To the Eaft, tho' the fun light and life be bringing,
Alas ! the day that e'er his light I faw,
To the lute's dulcet foud when fhall Zelma fing
Again the fong of joy—fing Dilkufha ?

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Entrance of the Prison.*

Enter LIFFEY (guarded).

LIFFEY.

A pretty spot of work I have made of it. Come here to get another man out of prison, and have got into it myself.—*(To one of the GUARDS.)* Pray, my lad, how long am I be kept here in jail?

GUARD.

Till his Highness the great Rajah shall either die or recover.

LIFFEY.

Miserable soul that I am! O that I was in little Kilkenny again, digging my own potatoes and feasting on buttermilk.

GUARD.

You have but a bad chance. The state physicians have examined the medicine you prescribed for the great Rajah, and declare it to be a deadly poison.

LIFFEY.

A deadly poison! A potatoe a deadly poison! Why, I have lived on it myself for a week together.

Enter GOVINDA.

GOVINDA.

News of the Rajah. *(The GUARD speaks to him aside.)*

LIFFEY.

Now, what is the news I wonder, and what the deuce are they preparing those chains for?

[Exit GOVINDA into the prison.]

GUARD.

I have orders to confine you more closely. You must be chained in the next apartment. The Rajah is much worse; the state physicians have declared it.

LIFFEY.

The devil relieve 'em! they'll kill the poor old gentleman in order to destroy me. Ah! two of a trade can never agree. The cowardly dogs! if they would but let him alone, and attack me in my own proper person!—I have a fine constitution. Let 'em prescribe what they will, I dare say I should survive all their remedies. I am strong enough to baffle all the powers of the healing art.

They chain LIFFEY and take him into an adjoining apartment.

Re-enter GOVINDA from the prison, with SIDNEY.

GOVINDA.

Is it possible! do I understand you? Does not your heart own Alminah as its sovereign?

SIDNEY.

Am I indeed the unworthy object of Alminah's love?

GOVINDA.

Yes; of a passion so unbounded, that for you she quits the pleasures, the sovereignty of a court.

SIDNEY.

Unhappy Sidney! I cannot impose on the generosity of your mistress.

GOVINDA.

Then you must resume your chains.

[Exit.

SONG.

SONG.—SIDNEY.

With two-fold fate is wing'd the dart
That shall my vital course arrest,
The pang that breaks my constant heart
Must rend my dear ELIZA's breast.

No ray of hope can there be found !
Alas ! destruction gathers round !
And the sole light that breaks the gloom,
Flashes the signal of my doom.

[Exit into the prison.]

Enter CHELLINGOE.

CHELLINGOE.

Bring him forward,

Enter LIFFEY (*guarded*).

Bring the Doctor this way—take off his chains.

LIFFEY.

By my soul I had rather keep them. This looks too much like an execution.

CHELLINGOE.

My dear friend, give me your hand.

LIFFEY.

Oh, botheration ! to call yourself my friend, and get me into such a hobble ! and this is the way you take me by the hand, just as I am going to be hang'd.

CHELLINGOE.

What does the man mean ? Did not I promise to place you in an exalted situation ?

LIFFEY.

Yes; and I am afraid you will now keep your word.

CHELLINGOE.

Why, my dear Doctor, are you beside yourself? I have brought you a Khelaut, a dress of ceremony.

LIFFEY.

And does it signify in what dress a man goes through the ceremony I must perform.—(*To the ATTENDANTS who prepare to put the Khelaut on him*) Oh, curse your bowing and cringing! Is the old black gentleman dead?

CHELLINGOE.

His Highness the Rajah is not dead—he has commanded you to be brought before him.

LIFFEY.

I suppose he never saw an European hanged, and I am to gratify his curiosity?

CHELLINGOE.

All the court are astonished at your skill.

LIFFEY.

I don't wonder at it.

CHELLINGOE.

The state physicians are all disgrac'd and order'd to prison.

LIFFEY.

Oh! blessed St. Patrick! and is this true? Now are you humbugging me?

CHEL-

CHELLINGOE.

Dr. O'Liffey, what do you mean by humbugging? You shall certainly witness the truth yourself. The Rajah is risen, and now going to give audience. You are to be introduced, and to receive his thanks. Oh, my friend! how you are to be envied! Honors, riches, pleasures await you.

LIFFEY.

By my soul they shan't wait long—let us begone.

CHELLINGOE.

You won't forget your poor friend Chellingoe when you are a great man.

LIFFEY.

What do you take me for? Forget a friend when I'm in prosperity! why that is the very time to remember him.

CHELLINGOE.

To say the truth, gratitude is a plant so often blighted by the air of a court—

LIFFEY.

Why, Mr. Chellingoe, that may easily happen when the plant is sickly; but, rooted in an honest Irishman's heart, gratitude will flourish under any climate in the globe.

CHELLINGOE.

The first employments in the state are open to you. You have nothing to do but to take the turban.

LIFFEY.

LIFFEY.

Take what?

CHELLINGOE.

The turban.

LIFFEY.

I'll take anything you please. My maxim always was, to take whatever I can get; and I believe that is no bad maxim to go to court with.

CHELLINGOE.

Keep to that, my good Doctor, and you'll certainly succeed.

[Exit LIFFEY with ATTENDANTS.

This fellow will most likely be appointed to some great office of trust and emolument. He will know nothing of the business, and apply to me for advice. If his measures succeed, I claim the credit of them—if they fail, the fault shall be all his own. But in either case my pockets must be filled.

AIR—CHELLINGOE.

Why let the sons of war go brag
Of the cannon's dreadful thunders,
The clinking of my money bag
Does more victorious wonders.

When a new Vizier looks sulky,
And frowns a hint for fees;
From my money-bags so bulky
March armies of rupees:

Such conquerors who can withstand?
Such friends! all glad to catch 'em,
Ever storm court-favour cash in hand,
By my soul no troops can match 'em.
Then let the sons, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

The RAJAH discovered seated on his throne, smoking his hookah; the WOMEN of the ZENANA are around him, some dancing, others playing on musical instruments and singing.

CHORUS of WOMEN.

Let the song and the dance
Tell love's gentle story,
Let pleasure prevail
To our fam'd Maha Rajah all hail!
See to battle advance,
Refulgent in glory
The lion of war,
Bright victory's star,
Let the song, &c.

From glory's career,
Turn, conqueror, here,
New victories prove,
The triumphs of love.

Let the song, &c.

RAJAH.

Enough—enough—I shall now give a private audience to my preserver; to this most skilful European physician. Bid him hither.

[*Exeunt WOMEN on different sides.*]

Enter CHELLINGOE, leading in LIFFEY sumptuously dress'd.

CHELLINGOE.

Most mighty and renowned prince, may we presume——?

RAJAH.

Ay, you may presume—so speak out.

CHEL-

CHELLINGOE.

This foreigner, the humblest of your slaves——

LIFFEY.

A slave!—what d'ye mean by that, Mr. Chellingoe?

RAJAH.

Ha, ha, ha! You speak like a bold fellow, you look like one.—I am pleased with your countenance; it is open and honest, and I was never yet mistaken in my judgment of physiognomy.

CHELLINGOE (*aside*).

What a favorite will Doctor O'Liffey be!

RAJAH.

And although an unknown stranger, you have conferr'd upon me the greatest of obligations in saving my life.

LIFFEY.

I tell you what, your Honor; I am a sad dog at a set speech; but upon my conscience I am heartily glad to see you so well again.

RAJAH.

It is time you should be rewarded for the service you have render'd me. In the first place I appoint you my chief physician.

LIFFEY.

I humbly thank your Honor.

RAJAH.

Man, don't thank me for that—'tis for my own advantage. Your skill is astonishing—your success surprises me.

LIFFEY.

(LIFFEY *aside*).

I'faith, it surprises me too.

RAJAH.

I also appoint you commander of my armies—grand judge in my civil and criminal courts—chief of my elephants—purveyor of buffaloes, and principal hunter of tigers.

LIFFEY.

Sir!

RAJAH.

All these offices you may perform by deputy.

CHELLINGOE (*aside to LIFFEY*).

Now, my dear friend, appoint me your deputy; I'll take special care of the fees.

RAJAH.

I also nominate you admiral of my fleet.

LIFFEY.

Your fleet!—why, your Honor, I'm told you have no ships.

CHELLINGOE:

But his Highness intends to build some, and there's nothing like fixing on an establishment in time.—(*Aside to LIFFEY*) We can draw the pay and allowances in the meanwhile.

RAJAH.

And to shew you the extent of my gratitude, I mean to invest you with the office of vizier.

CHELLINGOE (*aside*).

Then my fortune is made. Doctor, I'll go and get the commission ready to sign, while he is in the humour. [Exit.

RAJAH.

Well, my friend, have you anything more to ask?

LIFFEY.

Nothing for myself, your Honor; but if I might say something for my friends——

RAJAH.

Speak boldly.

LIFFEY.

I ask the liberty of my dear countrymen.

RAJAH.

You mean our English prisoners?—You are an Englishman, I think?

LIFFEY.

I am an Irishman, which is the same thing.

RAJAH.

The same thing! How is that?

LIFFEY.

An Irishman is an Englishman with another name. Why now, for instance, there is my brother Tady; his name is Tady, and I am Barney; my name is Barney; but then our interests are the same; and we are like my two arms, when one needs defence, the other naturally comes to his assistance.

RAJAH.

Hold! there is one thing I had forgot. Where are those articles which were found among the stores of the English officers? Bring in one of the cases containing the bottles of liquor.

LIFFEY.

Liquor!

RAJAH.

Yes; a sort of red liquor, which no one here had ever seen before—I want your opinion of it.

Two ATTENDANTS enter with a hamper of wine, and give LIFFEY a bottle.

LIFFEY (*aside*).

Red wine! excellent claret! and a whole hamper of it!

RAJAH.

Well, what is your report of it?

LIFFEY.

Why surely, is it possible your highness does not know what this is?

RAJAH.

Neither myself, nor any of my attendants.

LIFFEY (*aside*).

That is lucky! (*aloud*) Oh, this liquor! this fatal liquor!

RAJAH.

What's the matter? You alarm me.

LIFFEY.

This is the most deadly of all European poisons. Let no man presume to taste it.

RAJAH.

RAJAH.

But I have tasted it; aye, and drank some of it.

LIFFEY.

I knew that—I could tell at once you had been poisoned by it. I'll convince you. I'll describe your symptoms. You found the flavour so agreeable, you were tempted to taste it again.

RAJAH.

So I was.

LIFFEY.

It raised your spirits?

RAJAH.

Wonderfully.

LIFFEY.

Your eyes were soon affected—You saw double?

RAJAH.

Double! aye, and treble too.

LIFFEY.

Everything went round?

RAJAH.

It did—in a general dance.

LIFFEY.

You soon fell asleep?

RAJAH.

So I did.

LIFFEY.

Awaked rather thirsty?

RAJAH.

I did.

LIFFEY.

LIFFEY.

And rather qualmish?

RAJAH.

Exactly so; but your wonderful medicine cured me. Learned and extraordinary man, let me embrace you! But what shall we do with this horrible liquor?

LIFFEY.

Let it be carefully taken to my apartment; for it is useful in medicine—and I should like to try some experiments with it in this climate.

CHELLINGOE (*aside*).

I'll secure a bottle, it may be useful to us. A good mode of removing a private enemy—And as we are favorites at court, we shall have enemies enough. Will your Highness please to affix your seal?

RAJAH.

Yes: his requests shall be granted, his wishes anticipated. Let a Zenana be provided for him.

LIFFEY.

A Zenana! what is that?

RAJAH.

Yes, a Zenana—You shall have a dozen wives.
[Goes up, and exit through, followed by CHELLINGOE.]

LIFFEY.

A dozen wives! heaven bless his Honor! a dozen wives! what an establishment for an Irish vizier! If my dear wife Margery were here, I'd place
E her

her at the head of them all : I wish she were here, if it were only to see me in my new suit of regimentals. I shall never forget the first day I saw her.

SONG—LIFFEY.

When I was a mighty smart boy,
Young Margery came to our town, Sir ;
Oh ! how I was bother'd with joy !
Like a kitten I frisk'd up and down, Sir ;
Calling her my sweet pearl, and following after behind her,
For her black eyes no girl could match my sweet Margery
Grinder.

My mother in vain bade me work,
Nor work, eat, or sleep, could poor Barney,
So she went to old Father O'Rourke,
Told her story, and after some blarney—
“ Give me advice,” says she ; “ No friend than you can be
kinder.”
Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye had himself cast on Margery
Grinder.

What devil has got in the place,
The folks are all mad, cries my mother ;
For there's Captain Dermot M'Shean,
And that deaf lawyer Patrick his brother,
Thedy the purblind beau, and old O'Donovan blinder,
They're dancing or hobbling all, after pert little Margery
Grinder.

This Father O'Rourke gravely heard,
For grave was the Father though frisky—
Mrs. Liffey, says he, take my word,
(But he first took a noggin of whiskey,)
“ Barney will have the girl, catch her where'er he can find her ;”
So, by his advice I was married next day to sweet Margery
Grinder. [Exit.

SCENE.—*The Top of the Battlements.*

Enter ZEMAUN and MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Well, Zemaun! any news of our second detachment?

ZEMAUN.

Yes—I have this moment received intelligence of their approach—On their success depends my hope—but, without my counsel, they will inevitably fall a sacrifice. You shall bear my message to your countrymen.

MARGARET.

Delightful! What an enterprize!

ZEMAUN.

Oh! that it may be reserved for the protectors of freedom, the British arms, to rescue our nation from their tyrants; and seat a beloved sovereign on the throne.

Enter AGRA.

MARGARET.

Well, Agra; my dear Agra!

AGRA.

Horses are provided in yonder wood. There you'll find a bow and quiver. On your return come to the foot of the rock, where you will now descend; and let an arrow bring us a note to signify your arrival. I will watch the fall of the welcome shaft on this terrace.

MARGARET.

Adieu, kind Agra! The public attention is so engrossed by the Rajah's return from his favorite tyger hunt, that full safety is allowed to all our wish'd designs.

AGRA.

Oh, that her success may obtain Zelma's liberty!

SONG.

Oh! that the strains of heartfelt joy
I could with graceful art employ;
But all my wild effusions start,
Untutor'd, from a simple heart.
Could I but wake the trembling string,
Whence sympathies of magic spring.
But all, &c.

Yet Zelma kind, will not despise
Strains, which from purest love arise;
Although the wild effusions start,
Untutor'd, from a simple heart.

SCENE.—*The Entrance of the Palace.—Enter the RAJAH on an Elephant, returning from hunting the Tiger, preceded by his Hircarrabs or Military Messengers, and his State Palanquin—The VIZIER on another Elephant—The PRINCESS in a Gaurie, drawn by Buffaloes—The RAJAH is attended by his Fakeer or Soothsayer, his Officers of State, and by an Ambassador from Tippoo Sultaun in a Palanquin; also by Nairs or Soldiers from the South of India—Poligars, or Inhabitants of the hilly Districts, with their hunting Dogs—other Indians carrying a dead Tiger, and young Tigers in a Cage—a Number of Sepoys—Musicians on Camels and on Foot—Dancing Girls, &c. &c.—The Scene concludes with the ZENANA CHORUS at Page 43.*

THE END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ALMINAH, GOVINDA, and an ATTENDANT.

ALMINAH.

Ungrateful Sidney! reject my love?

GOVINDA.

Yes; nor will he accept his proffer'd liberty.

ALMINAH (*to the ATTENDANT*).

Hasten to the English prisoner, the traitor Sidney—Let him be closely guarded till further orders. Has that foreigner, the new Vizier, been ordered to attend me?

ATTENDANT.

His servant is already here.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ELIZA, and throws herself at ALMINAH's feet.

ELIZA.

Oh, pity—pity—spare the unhappy Sidney, my dearest friend, and once honored master.

ALMINAH (*aside*).

His servant and attached friend!—(To ELIZA)
Presumptuous youth, dost thou perceive thy danger in becoming thus the advocate of a traitor?

ELIZA.

I fear no danger when Sidney's life is at stake.

ALMINAH.

Wilt thou dare listen to a fatal secret, which if betrayed, thy life becomes the forfeit?

ELIZA.

I dare encounter all you dare propose.

ALMINAH.

Know then, I love this Sidney.

ELIZA.

Does he return your love?

ALMINAH.

My pride struggles against the answer. No; he disdained my love—I offered to fly with him.

ELIZA.

And he refused the offer?

ALMINAH.

He disgrac'd me by a refusal. But he shall never live to triumph in my disgrace. Perhaps your persuasions—

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

My persuasions shall be exerted with fervency.

ALMINAH.

If you succeed—

ELIZA.

Doubt not my success—Sidney regards me—he will listen to my advice—I will be the companion of your flight.

ALMINAH.

But I have a rival.

ELIZA.

Fear her not—She is at this moment a wretched wanderer, as uncertain of his destiny as of her own.

ALMINAH.

Then go to Sidney's prison. This ring will be your passport everywhere. No subject in these dominions will be hardy enough to question its authority.

ELIZA (*aside*).

Then I shall save my beloved.

[*Exit.*

Enter LIFFEY.

ALMINAH.

You are tardy in obeying my commands—but no matter, I am now fully informed.

LIFFEY.

Then your Highness has seen my servant?

ALMINAH.

I have; and cannot but admire so warm an attachment to an unfortunate friend.

LIFFEY.

You admire the attachment! Oh joy, Oh blessed St. Patrick, what a day is this! Oh, your Highness, you have done a good action—you have made two lovers happy. Though my servant, as you call her, has told you more than you would have heard from me.

ALMINAH.

How?

LIFFEY.

Why, do you think that I would have informed you that her name is Miss Eliza Ardley, that she is now the wife of Captain Sidney, and that under the disguise of my servant she has risk'd her life to release her husband?

ALMINAH.

And is all this true?

LIFFEY.

True!—why, can you doubt the dear girl's veracity? But if she had not told you the story herself, racks and tortures should never have forced it from me. I was always remarkable for keeping a secret.

ALMINAH.

Senseless wretch! But I ought to pardon your simplicity, since it yields me the pleasure of revenge.

LIFFEY.

LIFFEY.

Revenge!

ALMINAH.

Their hateful passion shall be extinguished in the grave. Let what has passed be sealed within your lips. Reveal it, and you die!

LIFFEY.

What the devil! condemn'd without a trial?

GOVINDA.

Dare not question the orders of Alminah; her command is our law.

LIFFEY.

The orders of the Princess your laws? Ah, Sir, there is the difference. In my country the monarch and the meanest subject are bound and protected by the same laws.

GOVINDA.

Be silent, and remember where you are.

LIFFEY.

Faith! I wish I were anywhere else. It seems very odd that we should find the value of the blessings of home, by looking for them abroad, where they are not to be found. But it is very true; and well may they say in our little kingdoms, that a man should travel to know the worth of his own country and its constitution. *[Exit.]*

ALMINAH (*comes forward*).

Unhappy Alminah!

SONG

SONG—ALMINAH.

Sorrow befriending,
Tears their aid lending;
With anger contending,
Still love rules my breast.
Rage my soul firing,
Vengeance retiring,
Soon will expiring
Love's triumph attest.
Trembling before him,
Doom'd to adore him!

Sorrow befriending, &c.

[Exit with ATTENDANTS.]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Prison.*

Enter ZEMAUN and SIDNEY.

ZEMAUN.

At length relenting heaven with pity
Looks down on suffering virtue!
Yes, gallant Sidney! with prophetic ardor
We hail the approach of Britain's warlike bands
To raise my Zelma to the throne she merits.

SIDNEY.

A generous task!—Worthy the sons of freedom!

ELIZA (*without*).

Where is my Sidney?

ZEMAUN.

Hold! some unusual visit to the prison excites alarm.

(*ELIZA's voice is heard, she rushes into the prison and swoons in SIDNEY's arms.*)

SIDNEY.

My Eliza!—how is this miracle?

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

Oh, my Sidney! I would fain relate the eventful story; but overwhelming joy—let us begone—the night will carry us beyond pursuit. Mark me!
(to ZEMAUN) You know this ring?

ZEMAUN.

I do; and respect whatever command it is to enforce.

ELIZA.

Let the gates be instantly unbarred.

ZEMAUN.

Amazement! power most absolute attends this ring—

No matter how obtain'd. Then why shou'd Zelma
Await precarious chance for her release,
While instant preservation courts acceptance.

Enter ZELMA; who is presented by ZEMAUN to

ELIZA.

Behold the victim of oppression's hand!
'Tis yours to give a royal captive freedom.

[Trumpets.

(A noise is heard: GUARDS with torches appear with ALMINAH; they seize SIDNEY and ELIZA. ZEMAUN, alarmed, causes ZELMA to retire and follows her; she drops her bracelet.—ALMINAH enters with GOVINDA and ORSANO, followed by ATTENDANTS with torches.

ALMINAH.

Presumptuous slaves!—Drag them to instant death.

(ORSANO takes up the bracelet dropped by ZELMA, and presents it to ALMINAH.)

11

ALMINAH.

ALMINAH.

What's this? A bracelet!—and from no vulgar arm!—

Ha! poison to my hopes—It bears the marks
Of royalty! A thousand dreadful visions
Affright my fancy.—Zemaun, how is this?
Explain! Zemaun not here! Bring him forth!
The traitor!—search the prison!

[Exit GOVINDA.]

QUARTETTE.

ELIZA.

Trembling before you—ah, let compassion
Beam on the wretched, lost and forlorn!

SIDNEY.

Say, can a captive raise indignation,
Sport of misfortune, to misery born!

ALMINAH.

Treachery merits just indignation;
The traitors I punish, the treason I scorn.

ELIZA and SIDNEY.

Trembling before you, &c.

ALL.

Terrors surrounding,
Doubts confounding,
Cast around a dreadful gloom,
And hide in awful mists our doom.

Enter GOVINDA.

GOVINDA to ALMINAH.

Proud Zemaun is captive—in vain his resistance—
The traitor is seiz'd, your command is his fate.

ALMINAH.

Rewards shall be yours for this welcome assistance;
Then vengeance is mine, and shall Zemaun await.

GOVINDA.

These keys on Zemaun found, secreted with much care,
Some mystery declare— [A short Symphony.

ZEMAUN brought in by GUARDS.

ZEMAUN.

Your power I dare
In despite of these chains,
Unconquered still my soul remains.

ALMINAH.

My vengeance obey.

CHORUS.

Your vengeance we obey.

*At a sign from ALMINAH, ZEMAUN is forced off by
the GUARDS.*

SIDNEY and ELIZA.

For blood, hark! the fiends of revenge loudly call;
To hope then, adieu! for the victims must fall!

ALMINAH and the rest.

For blood, then, while justice and loyalty call.
To mercy adieu! for the victims must fall!

ALMINAH.

My vengeance obey!

CHORUS.

Your vengeance we obey.

(ALMINAH commands GOVINDA in dumb shew to
take the keys and search the prison; GOVINDA
and some Guards retire and are seen behind,
lighting up the prison wherever they go;—a
symphony.—Then

ZELMA

ZELMA (*behind*).

Ruin, alas! is nigh!

Whither shall the wretched Zelma fly?

(*After a further symphony, ZELMA rushes forth and throws herself at ALMINAH's feet*).

ZELMA.

If love has ever touch'd thy breast,
Pity a Lover most distress'd!

SIDNEY.

Nay, then, relentless woman, here
A Princess claims her safety—Fear,
Nor raise a sacrilegious hand,
Thy Sovereign see before thee stand.

CHORUS.

Terrors in vain surrounding,
Doubt no more confounding;
All your tortures strait prepare,
Our only shield is now despair.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Gallery.*

Enter CHELLINGOE.

CHELLINGOE.

'This red poison of Doctor O'Liffey's has a most delicious scent; it tempts one so to try the flavor. If the Doctor should succeed in his experiments to render it harmless, what a blessing it will be!

Enter an ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.

More treachery, Chellingoe.

CHEL

CHELLINGOE.
What have you got there?

ATTENDANT.

Another proof of Zemaun's treason. An arrow just now shot into the fort by an unknown hand—it fell on the terrace before me, near Zemaun's apartment.

CHELLINGOE.

On the terrace near Zemaun's apartment? Let me see the arrow.

ATTENDANT.

Here is a note fastened to it.

CHELLINGOE.

And addressed to Zemaun!—(*Reading*) “Your faithful friend is punctual to her appointment.” Her appointment! A female friend. Ha, ha, ha! treason indeed! Ah, your poor head! to mistake an assignation for a treasonable billet.—(*Reads*) “She waits at the foot of the rock.”

ATTENDANT.

I know the place.

[*Exit.*

CHELLINGOE.

So do I—a retired situation, fitting for the vows of lovers. There is a subterraneous passage to it, communicating with the prison, and known only to myself.—“She waits at the foot of the rock.” ’Tis a pity she should wait in vain. Suppose I go to her myself; as her lover is in prison and cannot keep his appointment, it will be charitable and polite to make his apologies for him—I’ll go—
upon

upon my soul I'll go. I hope she's a young woman—I've been long enough plagued with an old one,

SONG—CHELLINGOE.

An old Maid had a roguish eye,
And she was call'd the great Ramchoondra,
She was rich, but poor was I,

Fal lal lal de ral, &c.

When we married, she had fears
She soon shou'd die—and shed some tears,
But the tough old lass liv'd thirty years,
Did my wife old Ramchoondra.

Fal lal lal de ral, &c.

Whene'er a pretty girl was nigh,
Then this plaguy old Ramchoondra
Watch'd me with a jealous eye,

Fal lal lal de ral, &c.

She had but one eye, it is true,
But that was large enough for two,
And it glanc'd upon me all askew,
Did the eye of old Ramchoondra;

Fal lal de ral, &c.

At last my old Ramchoondra died,
Then I call'd her dear Ramchoondra;
With decent grief I sobb'd and sigh'd,

Fal lal lal de ral, &c.

For several hours I sobb'd, till chance
Popt in my head a favorite dance,
The jig awak'd me from my trance,
So adieu to old Ramchoondra!

Fal de ral, &c.

SCENE—*The Foot of the Rock upon which the Fort is situated.*

Enter MARGARET.

MARGARET.

The noise is ceased—That gloomy light which tinges the high battlements marks Zelma's dungeon! I sink with fatigue. It is fortunate I sent my message while I had strength to direct the messenger—And the arrow was well aimed—It certainly fell on the terrace. I faint with thirst and weariness—Oh, Liffey! shall I ever see you again?

Enter CHELLINGOE from a secret passage in the rock.

CHELLINGOE.

All is hush'd—not a leaf stirring—What an evening for an assignation! So delightfully silent and dark.

MARGARET.

No signal yet.

CHELLINGOE.

She speaks. What an inviting languor in her voice! but query, is it from fatigue or tenderness?

MARGARET.

Oh! Zemaun, where are you?

F

CHEL.

CHELLINGOE.

In prison, bright angel of light ! But, instead of Zemaun, I am here.

MARGARET.

Chellingoe !

CHELLINGOE.

She knows my name.

MARGARET.

Oh ! support my fainting steps.

CHELLINGOE.

In my arms, most lovely and adorable !—

(MARGARET comes forward, draws a pistol, and takes him by the arm.)

Margaret ! is it you ? How could you survive your fall ?—Are you really alive or not ?

MARGARET.

You tremble—Is it with love or fear ?

CHELLINGOE.

Bless me !—I am so astonished—I'll step into the fort and procure you assistance.

MARGARET.

No, Chellingoe, you shall not quit me (*shews a pistol*).

CHELLINGOE.

The same tigress as ever.

MARGARET.

I faint with thirst.

CHEL.

CHELLINGOE (*aside*):

The luckiest thought in the world! Liffey's poison will settle the business.—(*To her*) How fortunate that I shou'd have a bottle of cordial in my pocket—I'm sure it can't be better applied (*she seizes the bottle of wine and drinks*). That's right—don't be afraid of it.—(*Aside*) Now I think all is safe—How are you now?

MARGARET.

Better (*drinks again*).

CHELLINGOE.

Better! How can that be?

MARGARET.

Quite recovered, Chellingoe; you have saved my life.

CHELLINGOE.

Saved your life!—What, by a dose of poison? (*Aside*) Oh, my unlucky tongue!

MARGARET.

Indeed!

CHELLINGOE (*aside*).

She does not know what it is; that's lucky!

MARGARET.

And pray, honest Chellingoe, who gave you this excellent cordial?

CHELLINGOE.

Our new vizier, who is a great Irish physician—Doctor O'Liffey.

MARGARET.

Doctor Liffey! (*aside*) It is my dear, brazen Barney.

CHELLINGOE.

Now the poison takes effect. (*To her*) Do you know the vizier?

MARGARET.

Know him! why, he is—but no matter what he is—you must shew me to him instantly.

CHELLINGOE (*aside*).

Mad! furious mad! (*To her*) I'll step and acquaint him.

MARGARET.

No, Sir:—Halt! Front! (*holds him, and points her pistol at him*). You must return with me into the fort. Come, Sir—I shall keep close in the rear—I must shew you the lock-step.

CHELLINGOE.

You are very good. (*Aside*) I hope I shall in return shew you the lock-up step presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE I.—*The same Gallery as before.*

Enter CHELLINGOE *with* MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Where are we now, Chellingoe?

CHELLINGOE.

At the door of the vizier's apartment—I'll take care he shall receive you properly. (*Aside*) A

filly wench! little does she think that the Doctor will order her for immediate execution. *[Exit.]*

MARGARET (*alone*).

Oh! If I should have the happiness of giving poor Liffey his liberty.

LIFFEY (*without*).

Botheration, Mr. Chellingoe! What is it you mean?

MARGARET.

My husband! then I fear nothing.

Re-enter CHELLINGOE with LIFFEY.

CHELLINGOE.

Here, my lord, is the tigress.

LIFFEY.

Eh! What! No—it is not—Yes it is!

MARGARET.

Barney!

LIFFEY.

Margaret!

MARGARET.

The same—present arms!

LIFFEY.

That I will—And salute my commanding officer.
So, come to my embrace, long-lost sultana of my heart!

CHELLINGOE.

Well, that is the strangest lock-up step I ever saw. [Exit.]

LIFFEY.

Oh, Margaret! I am in such a botheration of joy!

MARGARET.

My dear Liffey, let us think of escaping.

LIFFEY.

What, run away again?

MARGARET.

Our brave detachment is arrived, and waiting in yonder wood to storm the fort.

LIFFEY.

Waiting to storm the fort! Oh! I'm a lucky dog, to live to see this day—No—I'm an unlucky dog—I had forgot the prisoners—my poor master!

MARGARET.

And my poor mistress.

LIFFEY.

I am a lucky dog again. I forgot that I have her prison under my command, aye, and Zemaun's prison too—

MARGARET.

Zemaun shall head our army, and then huzza for glory.

DUET—LIFFEY and MARGARET.

MARGARET.

High on the rock methinks our troops we form,
Still high above the enemy appears.

LIFFEY.

Now pressing on—the fort prepar'd to storm,
Ever in front the gallant Grenadiers,

MARGARET.

Though bullets rattle round,
No shot from our merry men is heard;

LIFFEY.

With bayonets fix'd advancing,
Their volley waits the word:
Steady our charge—it follows quick our fire;
Now we pursue, their broken ranks retire.
Conquest is ours, the sons of freedom cry;

MARGARET.

Triumph shall mark the tabor's sprightly sound;

LIFFEY.

See, on their walls the British colours fly,

MARGARET.

While with the dance we beat the conquer'd ground.

RAMAH DROOG.

LIFFRY.

Then drink a toast and sing—
By my soul, we'll all so merry merry be;

MARGARET.

Here's our Country and our King,
With three times three.

BOTH.

All the delights from victory that spring,
Friendship, and love, and wine, and mirth shall bring.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—ZELMA'S Prison.

Enter ZELMA and AGRA.

AGRA.

Oh, madam! the garrison are alarmed. Did
you hear their drums beating to arms?

ZELMA.

May heaven watch over my Zemaun, and pro-
tect the defenders of a just cause!

AGRA.

Fear not. The noise comes from the distant
part of the fort, where the British soldiers make a
false attack—All is silent here—See, madam, our
gallant friends on this side have nearly reach'd the
summit of the rock undiscovered.

ZELMA.

Hark! Again!

SONG

SONG—ZELMA.

Hark! the fatal voice of war
 From the cannon clamours round:
 Trembling echoes from afar
 Faintly waft the dreadful sound.
 Mark, how our firm and faithful band
 With patient valour, silence keep:
 My Zemaun's whisper gives command,
 As they climb the awful steep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *the last.*—*The outside of the Fortress.*

Enter ZEMAUN, leading the BRITISH TROOPS.

ZEMAUN.

Here pause awhile—A faithful slave to whom I
 have given liberty, will fire the signal when all is
 ready for our attack.

AIR—ZELMA.

To heav'n my fervent pray'rs shall rise,
 That conquest prove your valour's prize.

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Our valour an artifice aiding,
 Like the tyger his hunters evading,
 We wait for the moment to rush on our prey.
 Mark the signal!—we obey.

(*The attack commences, and the BRITISH TROOPS
 storm the Fort.*)

RAMAH DROOG.

FINALE.

Joy shall swell the choral strain,
Loyalty and truth to prove;
Gratitude in Freedom's fane
Shall hail the Monarch of a people's love,

Sacred to Freedom's glorious cause,
Britain the sword of justice draws;
A lesson to the admiring world:
Oppression from his seat is hurl'd.

SIDNEY.

Beneath the shade of blooming laurels
The gallant Victors shall recline;

LIFFEY.

And to keep laurels ever blooming
They shou'd be water'd well with wine.

CHORUS.

Joy shall swell the choral, &c.



THE END